PLAY IT LIKE IT IS
GUITAR
WITH TABLATURE
NOTE-FOR-NOTE TRANSCRIPTIONS
GUITAR • VOCAL
PAPA ROACH
INFEST
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT LYRICS
Guitar

CONTENTS

www.paparoach.com

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INFEST

Words and Music by
Papa Roach

'Cause I'm po - et - ic in my op - er - a - tions. My God - giv - en tal - ent is to rock all the na - tions.
P.M.
Dm
Rhy. Fig. 3
We're go - ing to in - fest.
Spoken: 1. In -
End Rhy. Fig. 3
Verse
Dm
fest, the theo - ry of my first man - i - fes - to. Push ya wig back with my lyr - i - cal pis - tol
2. Now that I got your at - ten - tion, did I for - get to men - tion all the heads we be in -
P.M.

2nd time, Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fill 1
Blow, now Pa - pa Roach is on your men-tal, bang-in' like your head - piece, it's just that sim-ple.
fest-ing? Hope y'all peo-ple learn your les-sons 'cause the game of life is cra-zy. Got all the peo-ple guess-in'.
P.M.
Cock back and un-leash with my phys - i - cal. Wrap you in my thoughts and be-come in - di - vis - i - ble.
What is wrong with the world to - day, the gov - ern-ment, me - di - a or your fam-'ly?
Cen-trif - u - gal, forc - es in - di - vid - u - als in - to my mind as we rock in - to rit - u - al.
Would you cry if I died to - day? I think it be bet-ter if you did not say.
Rhy. Fill 1
Gtr. 1
Harm.

Pre-chorus
Am
You bet-ter do just what I say,
and if you don't then you will pay.
E5
F5
In - fest!
* 2nd time w/ heavy P.M.; play lowest note of chord only.
Chorus
D5
N.C.
We're go-ing to in-fest.
* day.
We're get-ting in your head.
Rhy. Fig. 4
* Sing on D.S. only.
A5
What is wrong with the world to-day, the gov-ern-ment, the me-di-a or your fam-'ly?
End Rhy. Fig. 4

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 4
D5
N.C.
We're go - ing to in - fest.
We're get - ting in your head.
To Coda
1.
A5
What is wrong with the world to - day,
the gov - ern - ment, the me - di - a or your fam - 'ly?
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3
Dm
Gtr. 2
You bet - ter do just what I say.
2.
gov - ern - ment, the me - di - a or your fam - 'ly?
Rhy. Fig. 3
Bridge
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (2 times)
We will in - fest, die like the rest.
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (3 1/2 times)
First, they shack - le your feet,
then they stand you in a line.
Then they beat you like meat,

1. | 2.

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fill 2 — Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (1 3/4 times)

D5 A5 F5 A5 E5 C5

then they grab you by your mind. in - fest your mind. We will in - fest, die like the __ rest.

D5 A5 F5 A5 E5 C5 D5 A5 F5 A5 E5 C5

Peo - ple are the __ prob - lem to - day. __ We will in - fest, die like the __

D.S. al Coda

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fill 3

D5 A5 F5 A5 E5 C5

__ rest. Peo - ple are the prob - lem to -

Coda

A5 N.C. A5 N.C.

gov - ern - ment, the me - di - a or __ your fam -

D5 N.C. D5 N.C. D5 N.C. D5 N.C.

'ly?

Gtr. 1

Rhy. Fill 2

Gtr. 1

P.M.

LAST RESORT

Words and Music by
Papa Roach

Gtr. 1: w/ Riff A
Gtr. 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1
E5 D5 C5 B5 D5
2.
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3
E5 C5 N.C.(D)
Los-ing my sight, los-ing my mind. Wish some-bod-y would tell me I'm fine.
Bridge
E5 D5 C5 G5 B5 D5
Noth-ing's al-right, noth-ing is fine.
Gtrs. 1 & 2
E5 D5 C5 D5 G5 B5
To Coda
I'm run-ning and I'm cry-ing.
E5 G5 C5 B5 D5
I'm cry-ing. I'm cry-ing.

Gtr. 1: w/ Riff B (2 times)
E5 D5 C5 B5 D5
Don't give a fuck if I cut my arm bleed - ing. Do you e - ven care if I die bleed - ing?
feed - ing on cha - os and liv - ing in sin. Down-ward spi - ral, where do I be-gin?
Would it be wrong, would it be right if I took my life to-night? Chanc-es are that I might.
It all start - ed when I lost my moth-er. No love for my-self, and no love for an-oth-er. Search-ing
Rhy. Fig. 2A
Gtr. 2
B5 IX
D5 XII
End Rhy. Fig. 2A
Mu - ti - la - tion out of sight, and I'm con-tem-plat-ing su - i - cide.
to find a love up - on a high-er lev - el, find-ing noth-ing but ques - tions and dev - ils.
'Cause I'm
Gtr. 1
Rhy. Fig. 2
End Rhy. Fig. 2
P.M.
Chorus
E5 C5 N.C.(D)
los - ing my sight, los - ing my mind. Wish some - bod - y would tell me I'm fine.
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Rhy. Fig. 3
End Rhy. Fig. 3
1.
Los - ing my sight, los - ing my mind. Wish some - bod - y would tell me I'm fine.

E5
G5
C5
B5
I'm cry - ing.
I'm cry - ing.
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (4 times)
E5
D5
C5
B5
D5
E5
D5
Whispered: I can't go on liv - ing
C5
B5
D5
E5
D5
C5
B5
D5
this way. Cut my life in - to piec - es, this is my last re - sort.
E5
D5
C5
B5
D5
Suf - fo - ca - tion, no breath - ing. Don't give a fuck if I cut my arm bleed - ing.
Verse
Gtr. 1: w/ Riff A
Gtr. 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1
E5
D5
C5
B5
D5
3. Would it be wrong, would it be right if I took my life to-night? Chanc-es are that I might.
D.S. (take 2nd ending) al Coda
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
E5
D5
C5
B5
D5
Mu - ti - la - tion out of sight, and I'm con - tem - plat - ing su - i - cide. 'Cause I'm
Coda
E5
C5
N.C.(D)
E5
C5
Screamed:
I can't go on liv - ing
Gtrs. 1 & 2

N.C.(D)
E5
C5
N.C.(D5)
this
way!
Gtrs. 1 & 2
P.M.
Outro
E5
C5
N.C.(D)
E5
C5
Can't
go
on
N.C.(D)
E5
C5
liv
-
ing
this
way.
N.C.(D)
E5
Noth
-
ing's
al
-
right!

BROKEN HOME

Words and Music by
Papa Roach

F#sus2
N.C.
E5
F#m
N.C.
E5
and my wounds are not heal - ing.
I'm stuck in be-tween my par - ents.
if I'm sad or an - gry?
You were nev - er ev - er there
Rhy. Fig. 3
End Rhy. Fig. 3
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 (2 times)
I wish I had some-one to talk to,
some-one I could con - fide in.
when I need-ed you.
I hope you re-gret what you did.
I just wan - na know the truth;
I just wan - na know the truth,
I think I know the truth;
your fa - ther did the same to
Pre-Chorus
F#5
you,
want to know the truth.
did the same to you.
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Rhy. Fig. 4
1.
Chorus
Triplet feel
Bro-ken home,
all a - lone.
End Rhy. Fig. 4
17

End triplet feel
2.
F#5
F#sus2
F#m
N.C.
Bridge
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 4 (2 times)
I'm cry - ing day and night now.
What is wrong with me?
I can - not fight now.
I feel like a weak link.
Cry - ing day and night now.
What is wrong with me?
I can - not fight now.
I feel like a weak
Interlude
E5
link,
Whispered: (Push it back in - side.
Push it back in - side.
a weak
Gtrs. 1 & 2
P.M.
link.
Push it back in - side.
Push it back in - side.)
Bro - ken home,

Chorus
Half-time feel
Triplet feel
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (4 times)
F#5 F#sus2 F#m F#sus2 F#5 F#sus2 F#m F#sus2
all a - lone.
F#5 F#sus2 F#m F#sus2
Spoken: It feels bad to be a - lone. Cry - ing by your - self, liv - ing in a bro - ken home.
End half-time feel
F#5 F#sus2 F#m F#sus2
How would I tell it, so all y'all could feel it? De - pres - sion strikes hard just like my old earth would tell it. To
F#5 F#sus2 F#m F#sus2
me, her son, she told me I'm the one. Pain bot - tled up a - bout to blow like a gun.
Gtrs. 1 & 2
End triplet feel
F#5 F#sus2 F#m F#sus2 F#5
Sto - ries that I tell are non - fic - tion, and you can't take it back 'cause it's al - read - y done.
pick slide
Outro
Double-time feel
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (8 times)
Gtr. 2: w/ Riff A (12 times)
F#5 C#5 D5 E5 F#5 C#5 D5 E5 F#5 C#5 D5 E5
Bro - ken home! Bro - ken home!

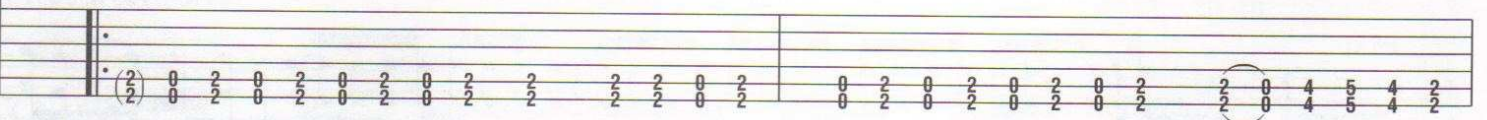
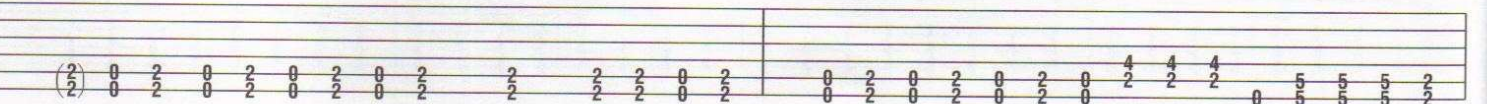
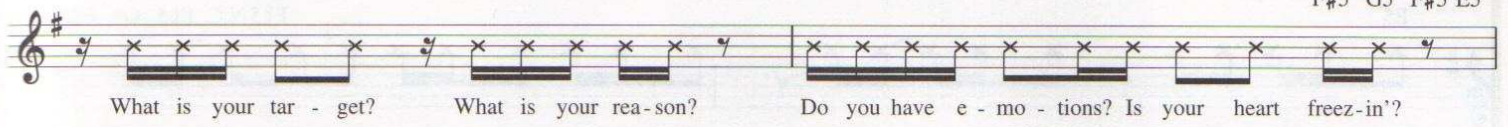
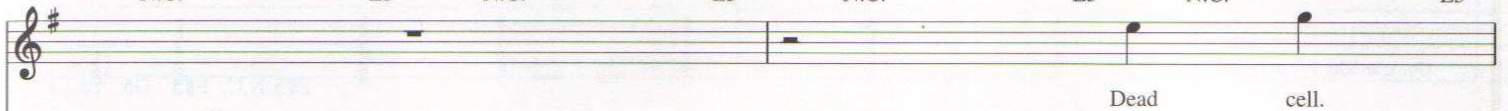
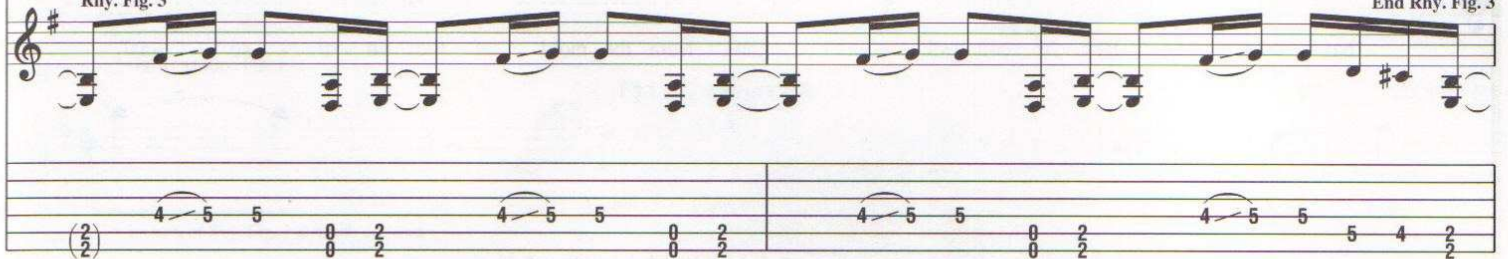
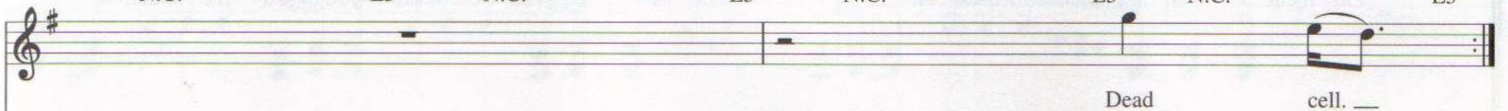
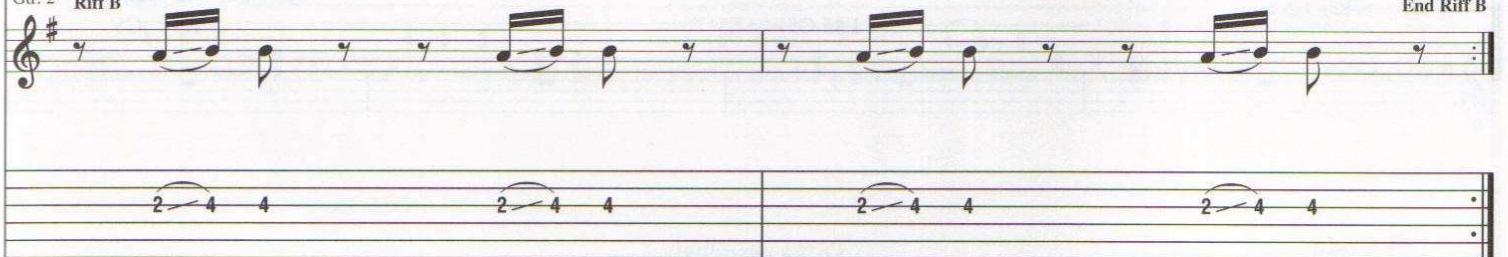
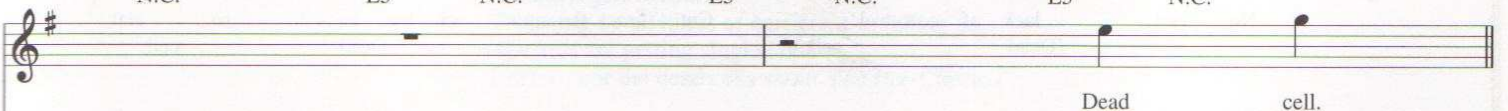
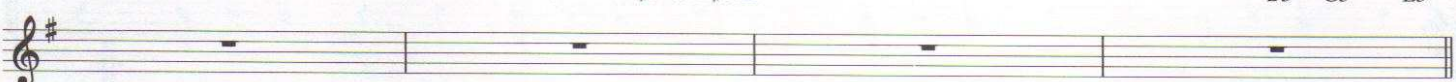
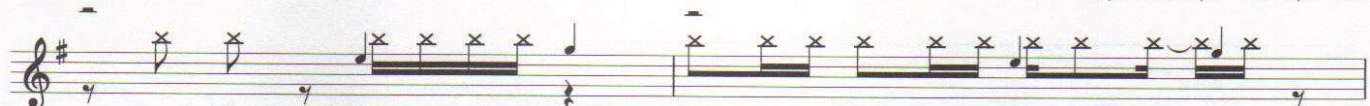
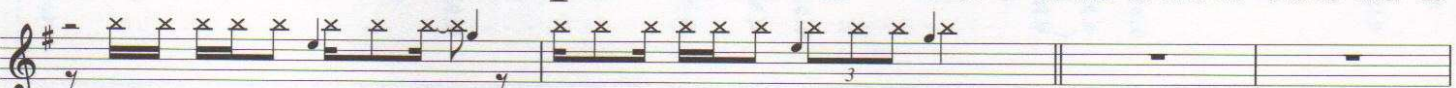
End double-time feel
F#5 C#5 D5 E5 F#5 C#5 D5 E5 F#5 C#5 D5 E5
Can't seem to fight these feel - ings. Caught in the mid - dle of this.
F#5 C#5 D5 E5 F#5 C#5 D5 E5
My wounds are not heal - ing. Stuck in be - tween my par - ents.
F#5 C#5 D5 E5 F#5 C#5 D5 E5 F#5 C#5 D5 E5
Bro-ken home! Bro-ken home!
Gtr. 1
Double-time feel
F#5 C#5 D5 E5 F#m
Gtrs. 1 & 2

DEAD CELL

Words and Music by
by Papa Roach

B5
G5
E5
End Riff A1
End Riff A

Verse
Gtr. 2 tacet
F#5 G5 F#5 E5
Spoken: 1. Born with no soul, lack of con- trol. Cut from the mold of the an - ti - so - cial.
2., 3. See additional lyrics
Gtr. 1
Rhy. Fig. 2
P.M.
P.M.

B5
G5
E5
Plug them in and then turn them on. Pro-cess the da - ta, make your - self the bomb.
End Rhy. Fig. 2
P.M.
P.M.

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
F#5 G5 F#5 E5
What is your tar - get? What is your rea - son? Do you have e - mo - tions? Is your heart freez - in'?
B5 G5 E5
Seiz - ing this op - por - tun - i - ty to speak, ya did - n't say noth - in' but turn your fuck - in' cheek.
Pre-chorus
N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5
Dead cell.
Gtr. 1
Rhy. Fig. 3
End Rhy. Fig. 3
1.
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3
N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5
Dead cell.
Gtr. 2
Riff B
End Riff B
2.
Gtr. 2: w/ Riff B
N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C.
Dead cell.
Gtr. 1

Chorus
* Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1
E5
F♯5 N.C. F♯5 G5 F♯5 E5
Spoken: Born with no ___ soul, lack of con - trol. Cut from the mold of the an - ti - so - cial.
* 1st beat of Rhy. Fig. 1 is struck, not tied.
To Coda
B5 G5 E5
Plug them in and then turn them on. ___ Pro - cess the da - ta, make your - self the bomb.
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1
F♯5 N.C. F♯5 G5 F♯5 E5
No soul, lack of con - trol. Cut from the mold of the an - ti - so - cial.
Gtrs. 2 & 3: w/ Riffs A & A1
B5 G5 E5
Plug them in and then turn them on. ___ Pro - cess the da - ta, make your - self the bomb.
Interlude
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
F♯5 G5 F♯5 E5
D.S. (take 2nd ending) al Coda
B5 G5 E5
Coda
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1
E5
F♯5 N.C. F♯5 G5 F♯5 E5
No soul, lack of con - trol. Cut from the mold of the an - ti - so - cial.
(Dead cell. Dead cell.
B5 G5
Outro
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3
E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5 N.C. E5
Plug them in and then turn them on. ___ Pro - cess the da - ta, make your - self the bomb.
Dead cell. Dead cell.)

Additional Lyrics

2. Sick in the head, living but dead.
   Hear what I said. Learn a lesson from the almighty dread.
   Jah, nutty warrior, nothing's scarier.
   Kids are getting sick like malaria.
   Situation gets harrier.
   Throwing up all kinds of barriers. I'm telling ya,
   The kids are getting singled out.
   Let me hear the dead cells shout. *(To Pre-Chorus)*

3. Stop pointing fingers 'cause we are the guilty
   Or clean cut lies and truth that's filthy.
   Believe what is the root of the word.
   Out comes lie when it's cut into thirds.
   I don't believe what my eyes behold, no.
   I don't believe what my ears are told, no.
   Seizin' this opportunity to speak,
   I'm saying something, don't turn your fuckin' cheek. *(To Pre-Chorus)*

BETWEEN ANGELS AND INSECTS

Words and Music by
Papa Roach

D5
C5
A5
Rhy. Fig. 2
Gtrs. 1 & 2
End Rhy. Fig. 2
B♭5
F5
E♭5
Spoken: 1. I just wan-na be heard.
Verse
N.C.(D5)
(F5)
Loud and clear are my words, com-in' from with-in, man. Tell 'em what you heard.
Rhy. Fig. 3
P.M.

(A5)
(B♭5)
It's a-bout a rev-o-lu-tion in your heart and in your mind, you can't find the con-clu-sion.
End Rhy. Fig. 3
P.M.
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 (1 3/4 times)
(D5)
(F5)
Life-style and ob-ses-sion, dia-mond rings get you noth-ing but a life-long les-son,
(A5)
(B♭5)
and your pock-et-book stress-in'. You're a slave to the sys-tem, work-ing jobs that you hate
(D5)
(F5)
for that shit you don't need. It's too bad the world is based on greed.
Chorus
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fill 1
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
(A5)
(B♭5)
D5
C5
Step back and see. Stop think-ing 'bout your-self, start think-ing 'bout… There's no mon-ey,
D5
C5
A5
C5
A5
C5
there's no pos-ses-sion, on-ly ob-ses-sion. I don't need that shit.
Rhy. Fill 1
Gtrs. 1 & 2
P.M.

N.C.
D5
C5
Take my mon - ey, take my pos - ses - sion,
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Rhy. Fig. 4
A5
To Coda
take my ob - ses - sion. I don't need that...
Spoken: 2. 'Cause ev - 'ry-thing is
End Rhy. Fig. 4
Verse
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 (1 3/4 times)
N.C.(D5)
(F5)
noth - ing, and emp - ti - ness is in ev - 'ry-thing. This re - al - i - ty is real - ly just a fucked-up dream.
(A5)
(B♭5)
With the flesh and the blood that you call your soul, flip it in - side out, it's a big black hole.
Gtr. 3: w/ Fill 1
(D5)
(F5)
Take your mon - ey, burn it up like an as - ter - oid. Pos - ses - sions, they are nev - er gon - na fill the void.
Fill 1
Gtr. 3 (dist.)
f
let ring

Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fill 1
(A5)
(B♭5)
Take it a - way and learn the best les - son. The heart, the soul, the life the pas - sion.
Coda
A5
C5
Dm
I don't need that shit. Mon - ey,
B♭5
A5(♭6)
Csus4
pos - ses - sion, ob - ses - sion.
Bridge
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (3 times)
N.C.(Dm)
(B♭)
(F/A)
(Csus4)
(Dm)
Pre - sent your - self,
press your clothes, comb your hair and clock in.
You just can't win, just can't win, and the things you own,
Chorus
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
D5
C5
Gtrs. 1 & 2
own you. Yeah! Take my mon - ey, take my pos - ses - sion,

Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 4
A5
C5
D5
take my ob - ses - sion, I don't need that shit. Fuck your mon - ey,
fuck your pos - ses - sion, fuck your ob - ses - sion, I don't need that shit.
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Mon - ey, pos - ses - sion,
Gtr. 3
ob - ses - sion. I don't need that shit.
(Bass)

BLOOD BROTHERS

Words and Music by
Papa Roach

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (3 times)
Sur - viv - al of the fit - test what it is. I got yo back, you got my back, and that's the biz.
close to a buck fif - ty, and we all stand strong in re - spect to the fam - i - ly in times of in -
Blood is rush - ing through my veins, I got the pow - er, chan - nel the en - er - gy and with my strength I will de - vour.
san - i - ty. And through words of pro - fan - i - ty I de - scribe our dys - func - tion - al fam - i - ly.
Sick - en - ing thoughts are run - ning through my head, that's when I re - al - ize I'm glad I'm not dead.
Blood broth - ers keep it real to the end. Deep - er than the thoughts you think, not a trend.
Pre-Chorus
D5
Cor - rup - tion and a - buse, the sales - man of our blood. For the pub - lic's crav - ing
Gtr. 1
Chorus
End double-time feel
N.C.(Dm)
C5
ex - is - tence in the dark. It's in our na - ture to de - stroy our - selves.
Rhy. Fig. 3

N.C.(Dm)
C5
N.C.(Dm)
F5
It's in our na - ture to kill each oth - er.
It's in our na - ture to kill, kill, kill,
Gtr. 1
Rhy. Fill 1
End Rhy. Fill 1
B♭sus2
Csus2
Interlude
N.C.
Csus2
a-gain and a - gain.
Dsus♯4
D5
Dsus♯4
D5
Dsus♯4
D5
Dsus♯4
D5
Pre-Chorus
Double-time feel
D5
Cor - rup - tion and a - buse,
C5 A5 D5
C5 A5 D5
C5 A5 D5
C5 A5 D5
C5 A5 D5
End double-time feel
the sales-man of our blood.
For the pub - lic's crav - ing
ex - is - tence in the dark.
Chorus
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 (1 1/2 times)
N.C.(Dm)
C5
N.C.(Dm)
F5
N.C.(Dm)
C5
It's in our na-ture to de-stroy our - selves.
It's in our na-ture to kill our - selves.
It's in our na-ture to kill each oth-er.

Outro
Double-time feel
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 4
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)
N.C.(Dm)
F5
C5
It's in our na - ture to kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! Kill, kill, kill,
Gtr. 2
kill, kill! Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! Kill, kill, kill!
Gtr. 2 tacet
D5
It's in our na - ture to de - stroy our - selves.
It's in our na - ture to kill our - selves.
Gtr. 1
mf
It's in our na - ture to kill each oth - er.
It's in our na - ture to kill.

REVENGE

Words and Music by
Papa Roach

Band - aids cov - er her scars, she left him blood-ied. Beat his ass with a bat, face sunk in like Sil - ly
dra-ma gets deep-er, I puff on the reef - er. She took the last step and sent his ass to the reef - er. Cha - os
Riff A1
End Riff A1
Gtr. 1: w/ Riff A (2 times)
Put - ty. Y'all can sit back so I can stud - y de - struc - tion of the fam - i - ly de - sign, and how the
is what she saw in the mir - ror. Scared of her - self and the pow - er that was in her. It took
mor - als of so - ci - e - ty de - cline es - sen - tial - ly is beats to rhymes likes grapes to wine.
o - ver and weighed heav - i - ly on her should - er. Mil - i - tant in - san - i - ty is now what con - trolled her.
Chorus
E5 B5 C5 B5 E5 B5 C5 B5
It's al - right, we're in love. Can't live with or with - out.
Gtr. 1 Rhy. Fig. 2
End Rhy. Fig. 2
Gtr. 1: w/ Riff A
N.C.(Bm)
Gtr. 1: w/ Riff A1
2. See, she

2.
C5
B5
E5
B5
C5
B5
or ___ with - out.
It's ___ al - right,
we're ___ in love. ___
E5
B5
C5
B5
D5
Can't ___ live ___ with
or ___ with - out.
Rhy. Fill 1
End Rhy. Fill 1
C5
B5
C5
B5
D5
We're in love.
C5
B5
C5
B5
We're in love.

Bridge
Gtr. 1 tacet
N.C.
Spoken: Kill it, be-fore it reach-es you. Mis-siles won't work. It's ap-proach-ing the main-land.
Gtr. 2
w/ tremolo
What if it reach-es the met-ro-pol-i-tan ar-e-as, cos-mo-pol-i-tan ar-e-as.
Se-cure the lines and pre-pare for de-par-ture. Calm, calm, calm, it is a, a big
bus'-ness and seems to be ad-vanc-ing un-der-ground, 'cause my style is un-der-ground.

I'm green with my red eyes mad tint. Flee, fly, flow, rap - i - do, rap - i - do.
She feeds plen - ti - ful, e - lec - tri - fy - ing the na - tion, e - lec - tri - fy - ing the
(tremolo off)
Gtr. 2 tacet
N.C.(Bm)
na - tion. Don't you see that we're in dan - ger? How will we stop it? She is at - tack - ing.
Rhy. Fig. 3
End Rhy. Fig. 3
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 (3 times)
Don't you see that we are in dan - ger? How will we stop it? She is at - tack - ing.
Suck - er! Dan - ger, dan - ger. Suck - er! Dan - ger, dan - ger.
Suck - er! Dan - ger, dan - ger. Suck - er! Dan - ger, dan - ger.

B5
A5
B5 F#5 E5 F#5 D5 A5
Run-ning out, we're run-ning out.
(Run-ning out of time.
Running out
Gtr. 1
Run-ning out, we're run-ning out.
of time.
Run-ning out of time.)
Chorus
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
E5
B5
C5
It's al - right, we're in love.
Can't live with
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fill 1
or with - out.
Outro
C5 B5
(gunshot)
mf
*Gtr. 2
*Sitar arr. for gtr.

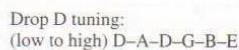
SNAKES

Words and Music by
Papa Roach

Drop D tuning:
(low to high) D–A–D–G–B–E

Intro

Moderate Rock ♩ = 90

A5
N.C.(B♭5)
End Rhy. Fig. 2
Verse
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (1st 3 meas.)
Gtr. 2: w/ Rhy. Fill 1
Gtr. 3: w/ Riff A (1 1/2 times)
N.C.(A5)
(B♭)
Spoken: 1. I got a prob-lem with the snakes that are crawl - ing through my ar - e - a when the dark - ness has fall - en.
A5
Gtr. 3: w/ Fill 1
A5 B♭5
Rhy. Fill 2
Gtrs. 1 & 2
A5 B♭5
End Rhy. Fill 2
And ma - ma told me that they love to bite. They'll stab you in the back, no shame, that's right. What, what?
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
* Gtr. 3: w/ Riff A (3 1/2 times)
Gtr. 2 tacet
N.C.(A5)
(B♭)
I keep my dis-tance 'cause they're mak-ing me cra - zy, and steal-ing from me, you know those fuck-ers are la - zy.
* Echo off
A5
N.C.(B♭5)
My blood boils, fat turns to oil. Step the fuck back or you'll get bur - ied in soil o - ver
Rhy. Fill 1
Gtr. 2
Fill 1
Gtr. 3
w/ echo

(A5)
(B♭)
dra - ma, or you could sleep with the fish - es. My clutch-es are tight, and I'll take your last wish-es.
Gtr. 1
A5
Gtr. 3: w/ Fill 1
B♭5
A5 B♭5
One for your mon-ey, two for your girl, three for your life, now I fucked up your world.
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Chorus
A5
F5
D5
F5 E5
F5 E5
Do you like how it feels to be bit in the neck by the snake that kills?
Rhy. Fig. 3
End Rhy. Fig. 3
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 (3 times)
Do you know how it feels to be stabbed in the back then watch the blood spill?
I don't like how it feels, check it.
Do you know how it feels to be

To Coda ⊕

Interlude

Gtr. 3: w/ Riff A (1 1/2 times)

Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fill 3
Gtr. 3: w/ Fill 1

D5 F5 E5 F5 E5 N.C.(A5) (B♭) (A5) (B♭5)

stabbed in the back then watch the blood spill? Yo.

Verse

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (1st 3 meas.)
Gtr. 3: w/ Riff A (1 1/2 times)

N.C.(A5) (B♭)

2. It's kind - a fun - ny how you're run - ning your mouth, man. You're caught in a lie and there's no way out, come on.

Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fill 2
Gtr. 3: w/ Fill 1

A5 B♭5 A5 B♭5

Be - tray your friends and your peeps and your fam - i - ly, liv - ing like a snake, liv - ing like a blood - y thief.

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
Gtr. 3: w/ Riff A (1 1/2 times)

N.C.(A5) (B♭)

Check my speech 'cause it's deep like the sea, from me to y'all and then from y'all back to me. Ha.

Gtr. 3: w/ Fill 2

(A5) (B♭)

Dan - ger, dan - ger, I slay snakes like a rang - er. Mil - i - tar - y style fears God, not a stran - ger.

Rhy. Fill 3

Gtr. 2 Gtrs. 1 & 2

P.M. P.M.

A5
G5 A5
B♭5
G5
Now tell me, tell me whose crew sick-er?
Mine's sick-er. Get on your knees and be a dick lick-er.
Gtrs. 1 & 2
N.C.(A5)
A5 B♭5
A5 B♭5
One for your mon-ey, two for your girl,
three for your life, now I fucked up your world.
A5 B♭5
A5 B♭5
D.S. al Coda
Check it.
Coda
Interlude
Lead Voc.: w/ Voc. ad lib, next 8 meas.
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (4 times)
Play 4 times
F5/C
A5
A5(♭6)
A5
A5
D5
B♭5
E5
F5 E5
Gtrs. 1 & 2

Outro
A5
D5
N.C.(B♭)
(E5)
(F5) (E5)
Do you like how it feels to be bit in the neck by the snake that kills?
Rhy. Fig. 4
End Rhy. Fig. 4
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 4 (2 1/2 times)
Do you know how it feels to be stabbed in the back then watch the blood spill?
Do you like how it feels?
I don't like how it feels to be
bit in the neck by the snake that kills, by the snake that kills, by the
Gtrs. 1 & 2
snake that kills.

NEVER ENOUGH

Words and Music by
Papa Roach

B5
Bsus4
Bm
Some - bod - y put me out of my mis - er - y.
Some - bod - y kick me in the face
Gtr. 3
Riff B
End Riff B
P.M.
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1
F#sus2
D5
Ex - pres - sion, stim - u - la - tion, hal - low sense of my - self.
Now some - thing's wrong with me. I'm bleed-ing pro - fuse - ly.
Gtr. 3
Riff C
End Riff C
Gtr. 3: w/ Riff C
F#sus2
D5
I did it to my - self a - gain.
And this seems nat - ur - al to me, I fuck up ev-'ry day.
Gtr. 3: w/ Riff B
B5
Bsus4
Bsus2
Bm
Some - bod - y put me in my place.
Some - bod - y put me in my place.
Nev - er e - nough.
Gtrs. 1 & 2

Chorus
N.C.
Nev - er e - nough.
Do I de - serve
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Rhy. Fig. 2
End Rhy. Fig. 2
1.
2.
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
what I got?
Nev - er e - nough.
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
Nev - er e - nough.
Do I de - serve
D5
what I got?
What I got?
Gtrs. 1 & 2
let ring
Interlude
D5
D
C#5
E5
D5
C#5
E5
What I got?
What I got?
What I got?
Gtrs. 1 & 2
let ring

D
C#5
E5
D5
D
C#5
E5
let ring
trem. pick
Bridge
Gtr. 3: w/ Riff B (6 times)
Gtrs. 1 & 2 tacet
N.C.
I feel as if I'm run - ning back to where I start - ed. You ask what's wrong with me
and I say noth - ing. Is ev - 'ry - thing o - kay? Is some-thing wrong with me?
Push-ing and pull - ing feel - ings e - ter - nal. My heart is yours. I feel as if I'm run - ning.
I feel as if I'm run - ning. I feel as if I'm run - ning.
Outro-Chorus
N.C.
Run!
Gtrs. 1 & 2

Life will knock me
C#5
E5
down.
Nev-er e - nough.
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (3 1/2 times)
N.C.
Nev-er e - nough.
Do I de - serve
what I got?
Nev-er e - nough.
Nev-er e - nough.
Life will knock me
D5
C#5
down.
Gtrs. 1 & 2

BINGE

Words and Music by
Papa Roach

G5
N.C.
G5
N.C.
and I don't need no friends, no.
Eb5
N.C.
Eb5
N.C.
Wal - low in my pain,
Eb5
N.C.
Eb5
N.C.
I swal - low as I pre - tend
End Rhy. Fig. 2
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
G5
N.C.
G5
N.C.
G5
N.C.
to act like I'm hap - py when I drink to no
G5
N.C.
Eb5
N.C.
Eb5
N.C.
end no. I'm los - ing all my friends,

Eb5
N.C.
Eb5
N.C.
I'm los - ing in the end she says.
Chorus
G5
F5
G5
F5
Be - have lit - tle boy, you bet - ter
Gtr. 3
Riff A
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Rhy. Fig. 3
Eb5
F5
Eb5
F5
sit back down till you hold your ground.
End Riff A
End Rhy. Fig. 3
To Coda 1
To Coda 2
Gtrs. 1, 2 & 3: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 & Riff A
G5
F5
G5
F5
Eb5
F5
It's your turn to learn to fight, you bet - ter sit back down till you

Verse
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (1st 2 meas.)
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2
Gtr. 3 tacet
Eb5 F5 G5 N.C. G5 N.C. G5 N.C.
hold your ground.
2. When I'm so - ber, life
Gtr. 3
G5 N.C. G5 N.C. G5 N.C.
bores me
so I get drunk a - gain, yeah.
D.S. al Coda 1
Eb5 N.C. Eb5 N.C. Eb5 N.C. Eb5 N.C.
I'm los-ing all my friends,
I'm los-ing in the end
she says.
Gtr. 3
Coda 1
Interlude
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Figs. 1 & 1A
Eb5 F5 G5 N.C. G5 N.C. Eb5 N.C.
hold your ground, yeah.
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1
Eb5 N.C. G5 N.C. G5 N.C. Eb5 N.C. Eb5 N.C.
You bet - ter
Bridge
G5 Bb5 G5 Bb5
sit back down,
you bet-ter put that down.
Put the
Gtrs. 1 & 2

E♭5
bot - tle down, I am on a binge.
N.C.(D5)
F5
D.S. al Coda 2
P.M.
Coda 2
Outro
Gtr. 3: w/ Fill 1
E♭5
F5
Gm
B♭sus2
hold your ground, yeah. I am on a binge, I wish things would change,
Rhy. Fig. 4
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Fill 1
Gtr. 3
Play 3 times

D5
F5
wish — they'd re - ar - range. I'm on a binge.
End Rhy. Fig. 4
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 4 (1 3/4 times)
Gm
B♭sus2
D5
I — wish things would change, wish they'd re - ar - range. I — am on a — binge,
F5
Gm
B♭sus2
D5
I'm on a binge, yeah, yeah.
Gtrs. 1 & 2
D5 F5 D5 F5 D5 F5 D5 F5 D5 F5
G5
N.C.
G5
N.C.
G5
N.C.
G5
Band out
N.C.

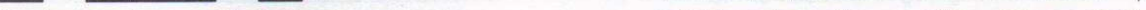
THROWN AWAY

Words and Music by
Papa Roach

Verse
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (1 1/2 times)
E5
D5
F5
D5
rhyme a-gain, I'm com-in' sick and on time a-gain. Words man-i-fest from deep in-side where peo-ple hide. With-in it,
sick, noth-ing is his hands but his dick. He could-n't han-dle pres-sure, he could-n't han-dle shit. For the

E5
D5
F5
D5
chem-i-cal un-bal-anced on the tri-ple beam. What? Fuck what you heard it's a-bout what I seen. I seen it
life he was lead-ing led him down the wrong path where guns blast, don't give a shit a-bout the God's wrath.

E5
D5
F5
D5
hap-pen, back hand brand_ to face smack-in'. Def-i-nite dis-or-der now his mind-set is black-ened.
Don't wan-na talk to the coun-sel-lor, doc-tor to tell 'em what's real, to tell 'em what's prop-er.

E5
D5
F5
A5
The doc-tors say he's got the brain of a mur-der-er. This rug-ged style steals your brain (like a burglar.)
The sit-u-a-tion's un-clear like gray, and I know it gets worse ev-'ry day.
Gtr. 1
Rhy. Fill 1
End Rhy. Fill 1

Pre-Chorus
B5
Csus#4
*B5/D
My heart_ is bleed-ing and this pain,_ it will_ not pass._
Rhy. Fig. 3
*Bass plays D.

B5
G#5
It's not re - ced - ing
and my bod - y's go - ing numb.
End Rhy. Fig. 3
B5
C5
B5/D
A bad trip child,
roll - ing stoned, keep - ing high.
B5
G#5
He don't know what he's do - ing.
He just keeps get - ting by.
Chorus
E5
D5
F5
D5
Thrown a - way,
I wan - na be
Rhy. Fig. 4
End Rhy. Fig. 4
8va
loco
Harm.

1.
2.
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 4
E5
D5
F5
D5
F5
D5
thrown a - way.
Spoken: 2. He's born
N.C.(E5)
(F5)
(E5)
Semi-whispered: I am a mess, I've made a huge mess. I can't con -
Gtr. 1
Harm.
(F5)
E5
D5
F5
D5
- trol my - self. Screamed: I'm los - ing it, I've lost it. I've
E5
D5
F5
D5
spilt all my mar - bles!

Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (4 times)
E5 D5 F5 D5 E5 D5 F5 D5
Yeah! (Screaming ad lib) 'Cause I see
E5 D5 F5 D5 E5 D5 F5 D5
you in-side of me. Some-times I want to be thrown a-way. 'Cause I see
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (1 3/4 times)
E5 D5 F5 D5 E5 D5
you in-side of me. Some-times I want to be thrown a-way.
F5 D5 Gtr. 2: w/ Fill 1 E5 D5 F5 D5
A hy-per spaz, and that is the way. Some-times I want
E5 D5 Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fill 1 F5 A5 Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 (2 times) B5 C5 B5/D
to be thrown a-way. Thrown a-way. Thrown a-way. Thrown a-
B5 1. G#5 2. G#5
way. Thrown a-way. Thrown a-way.
Interlude
F5 *B♭m/D♭
Voic-es in my head.
Gtr. 1
Rhy. Fig. 5
*Bass plays D♭

B♭5
E♭5
Voic - es in my head.
End Rhy. Fig. 5
Outro
Gtr. 1: w/ Rhy. Fig. 5 (2 times)
Lead Voc.: w/ Voc. ad lib till end
F5
D♭5
Voic - es in my head.
B♭5
E♭5
Voic - es in my head.
F5
Gtr. 1

LEGACY

Words and Music by
Papa Roach

I met - a - mor-pho-sized, make my-self lev - el.
Rhy. Fill 1
Gtrs. 1 & 2
End Rhy. Fill 1
Pre-Chorus
B♭6
B♭5
C6
C5
We are the fu - ture, we are right now.
Rhy. Fig. 2
End Rhy. Fig. 2
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1
Dm
Verse
Spoken: 2. Right now I'm tak-ing a stab at the sick, sick, sick.
I know what e - vil is and e - vil could suck my...
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fill 1
Like Sam Hien and God ain't no joke.
Bet - ter watch ya neck 'cause ya might get choked.
Pre-Chorus
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 2 (2 times)
We are the fu - ture, we are right now.
The fu - ture.

Chorus
N.C.(Dm)
F5
N.C.(C)
You sink, we swim. We rise, you fall.
Rhy. Fig. 3
Gtrs. 1 & 2
(Dm)
Bb5
N.C.(F)
(C)
We meet our fate to - geth - er.
End Rhy. Fig. 3
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3
Dm
F5
N.C.(C)
(Dm)
To Coda
Bb5
N.C.(F)
(C)
I was here from the start, and I'll be here in the end, in the end. Spoken: 3. I'm dodg-ing
Verse
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 1 (2 times)
Dm
ar - rows from the dark side ev - er - y day, and I'm a main tar - get 'cause of what I say in - fi -
nite - ly. Al - ways go a - gainst the grain and ques - tion ev - 'ry - thing be - fore it takes your brain.

Thrown down to the bot-tom lev-el, ruled by the fist and the fist is the dev-il.
I met-a-mor-pho-sized, make my-self lev-el. Yeah, come on.
Dm(add♭4)
Yeah, come on.
Harm.
D.S. al Coda

Coda
B♭5
N.C.(F)
(C)
D5
Gtrs. 1 & 2
the end.
Leg - a - cy.
Leg - a - cy.
Gtrs. 1 & 2: w/ Rhy. Fig. 3 (2 times)
N.C.(Dm)
Leg - a - cy.
F5
N.C.(C)
(Dm)
Leg - a - cy.
B♭5
N.C.(F) (C) (Dm)
I was here from the start,
F5
N.C.(C)
(Dm)
and I'll be here in the end
B♭5
N.C.(F)
(C)
in the end.
D5
Leg - a - cy.
Leg - a - cy.
Leg - a - cy.
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Leg - a - cy.

Guitar Notation Legend

Guitar Music can be notated three different ways: on a *musical staff*, in *tablature*, and in *rhythm slashes*.

RHYTHM SLASHES are written above the staff. Strum chords in the rhythm indicated. Use the chord diagrams found at the top of the first page of the transcription for the appropriate chord voicings. Round noteheads indicate single notes.

THE MUSICAL STAFF shows pitches and rhythms and is divided by bar lines into measures. Pitches are named after the first seven letters of the alphabet.

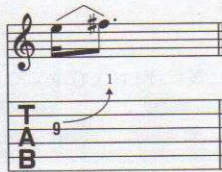
TABLATURE graphically represents the guitar fingerboard. Each horizontal line represents a string, and each number represents a fret.

HALF-STEP BEND: Strike the note and bend up 1/2 step.

WHOLE-STEP BEND: Strike the note and bend up one step.

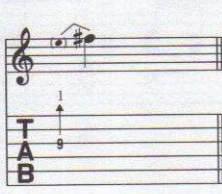
GRACE NOTE BEND: Strike the note and immediately bend up as indicated.

SLIGHT (MICROTONE) BEND: Strike the note and bend up 1/4 step.

BEND AND RELEASE: Strike the note and bend up as indicated, then release back to the original note. Only the first note is struck.

PRE-BEND: Bend the note as indicated, then strike it.

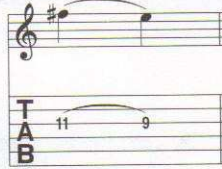
VIBRATO: The string is vibrated by rapidly bending and releasing the note with the fretting hand.

WIDE VIBRATO: The pitch is varied to a greater degree by vibrating with the fretting hand.

HAMMER-ON: Strike the first (lower) note with one finger, then sound the higher note (on the same string) with another finger by fretting it without picking.

PULL-OFF: Place both fingers on the notes to be sounded. Strike the first note and without picking, pull the finger off to sound the second (lower) note.

LEGATO SLIDE: Strike the first note and then slide the same fret-hand finger up or down to the second note. The second note is not struck.

SHIFT SLIDE: Same as legato slide, except the second note is struck.

TRILL: Very rapidly alternate between the notes indicated by continuously hammering on and pulling off.

TAPPING: Hammer ("tap") the fret indicated with the pick-hand index or middle finger and pull off to the note fretted by the fret hand.

NATURAL HARMONIC: Strike the note while the fret-hand lightly touches the string directly over the fret indicated.

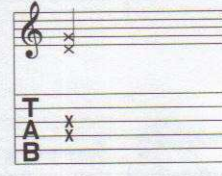
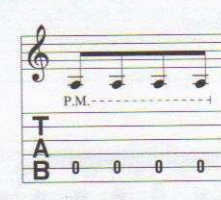
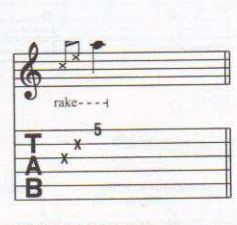
PINCH HARMONIC: The note is fretted normally and a harmonic is produced by adding the edge of the thumb or the tip of the index finger of the pick hand to the normal pick attack.

PICK SCRAPE: The edge of the pick is rubbed down (or up) the string, producing a scratchy sound.

MUFFLED STRINGS: A percussive sound is produced by laying the fret hand across the string(s) without depressing, and striking them with the pick hand.

PALM MUTING: The note is partially muted by the pick hand lightly touching the string(s) just before the bridge.

RAKE: Drag the pick across the strings indicated with a single motion.

TREMOLO PICKING: The note is picked as rapidly and continuously as possible.

VIBRATO BAR DIVE AND RETURN: The pitch of the note or chord is dropped a specified number of steps (in rhythm) then returned to the original pitch.

VIBRATO BAR SCOOP: Depress the bar just before striking the note, then quickly release the bar.

VIBRATO BAR DIP: Strike the note and then immediately drop a specified number of steps, then release back to the original pitch.